

THE PROGRESS.

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SHREVEPORT, LA., SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1893.

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The Cotton Belt Railway will sell tickets from Shreveport to St. Louis and return at rate of \$26 50 for round trip; date of sale April 25 to October 31, 1893, inclusive, good for return until November 15, 1893.

ST. LOUIS AND RETURN. Commencing April 29 and until October 31 inclusive, unless otherwise ordered, the Texas and Pacific Railway Company will sell round trip tickets limited for the return passage to and including November 15, 1893, to St. Louis, Mo., at rate of \$26 50.

WORLD'S FAIR. The Cotton Belt Railway will sell tickets to Chicago and return, on account of the World's Fair, at rate of \$38 50. Selling from April 25 to October 31 inclusive, good to return until November 15, 1893.

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president of the association, I was reminded of the line of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Some one had blundered." My first impulse was to reply to this flattering invitation with the suggestion that the choice of a substitute to perform this important task should be prompted by the forensic abilities and oratorical talents of the individual rather than his distinguished air and the incidental circumstance that he is the best looking member of the association. Press of business—particularly in the press room—and indecision as to the proper course to pursue in the emergency, delayed a prompt acknowledgment of and response to the president's letter, and a second missive came, urging me to accept the proffered distinction and requesting a reply by return of post. Fearing that it might somewhat embarrass the president and disarrange his plans to leave town with such a vacancy to fill on the eve of our meeting, I felt forced to yield to his solicitation, but not without dire forebodings as to the result. Hence, it is, ladies and gentlemen, that I appear before you, charged with a duty, the adequate performance of which is far beyond the scope of my limited capacities. Confronted by these phalanxes of lovely faces; subjected to the destructive force of these batteries of bright eyes, under which the most intrepid of the immortal heroes of that gallant ride "into the jaws of death" at Balaklava might have quailed and surrendered, I seem to feel the premonitory symptoms of something akin to buck ague fluttering about my knee joints, and to doubt my ability to proceed. It might have been different, ladies, if I had exercised the forethought of our honored ex-president—the second handsomest man in the association, and left the madam at home.

The eloquent words of greeting and of welcome that have fallen from the lips of your spokesman, Mr. Scarborough—faithfully portraying, we are sure, the sentiments of the whole-souled and hospitable people of this historic little city—are deeply appreciated by the assembled representatives of the Press of Louisiana, and we thank you, one and all, from the bottom of our hearts.

The fame of Natchitoches hospitality is neither of recent origin or sudden growth, nor are its limits circumscribed by the boundaries of our State. Those of us who have been among you before know the charming construction of the fabric and solid foundation upon which it rests. We have had a foretaste of the cordiality and open handed generosity with which you receive and entertain your guests, and we know that even the stranger within your gate is extended the hand of good will and made to feel that here is a place where the traditions and traits of a noble, courteous and kindly people have not only been preserved in their original purity, but have improved with the march of time.

It may not be amiss, ladies and gentlemen, while acknowledging and returning thanks for the hearty welcome you have extended us, that I should, so to speak, introduce to you collectively the guests who are to be the favored recipients of your bounty during this annual reunion of the Louisiana Press Association. Among the pencil pushers and type-stickers comprising the membership of this body, as you review them from a Marksville, Morgan City or Louisiana standpoint, or all combined—a comprehensive and Democratic Review, I may term it, you will find representatives of Shreveport Progress, Arcadia Advance, and Natchitoches Enterprise; Sentinels, Videttes and Watchman, standing guard upon the tower of liberty; Messengers, Couriers, Rangers and Heralds, who carry tidings of weal or woe to the people; Advocates and Vindicators of justice and virtue, who with Clarion Voice proclaim the right in tones that Echo through the length and breadth of the land, arousing the Caucasian and the American to deeds of mercy and valor; fearless bearers of the Banners that good Citizens and Patriots and True Democrats love to follow; promoters of the Mystic Tie that binds the States together; Advertisers of the country's needs, whose Telegraph Bulletins, replete with Items of Town Talk, Industrial and Commercial News are used with

interest from the Banks of the Meschacefe—the great Father of Waters—to the shores of the Sabine; faithful scribes who Chronicle in their weekly and Daily Journals, the happenings of a Progressive Age; Mentors of honest and Plain Dealing; Pioneers whose Headlights illumine the path of advancing civilization in the South and shine with the lustre of the Morning Star or a Comet in the sky; a Sugar-Bowl filled with the sweets of The Louisiana Planter, and intrepid exponents of Truth—particularly of the Baton Rouge variety. Modesty forbids reference on my part to the Donaldsonville "Chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely."

Such, in brief, is the character of the organization whose members here present have come to your quaint and pretty town to enjoy an interim of rest and recreation, and have good Shreveport Times—in fact such Times-Democrats and Catholic minded Protestants against vice and fanaticism ought to have. We have consigned the cares of the editorial desk, the job room and the den of the galley slave to the devil, and don't care a Picayune whether this week's paper comes out with little or nothing in it or doesn't get out at all. So, my friends, do with us as you will. Lead us along your rippling brooks and Pearl Rivers—if Jupiter Pluvius and the Weather Bureau permit—take us through the shady wood and flower-betangled Field, of which Pleasant Riderhood, Vivian and Essie love to sing, and where the Busy Bee and Ella B. sip the sweets of the lovely Pansy.

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen of Natchitoches, I commend my brothers and sisters of the press to your solicitous care and affectionate consideration, feeling that they could not be in better hands. I thank you again and again for the princely reception and warm hearted welcome you have given us by word of mouth and grasp of hand, and throwing wide open the doors of your lovely homes, and I know that when the time comes for bringing our holiday to a close, speaking the words of partings and returning to our respective fields of labor and duty, we shall leave you with sincerest regret, but bearing bright memories of our sojourn with you that will endure as long as life shall last.

This provoked long and continuous applause.

Of course we will not attempt to give every detail of our three days' session. We will, however, mention that on the first day that Catherine Cole, the talented, gifted Catherine Cole, whose versatile pen causes murky brooks to sing sweet songs, dying grasses to distill rich odors, barren hills to yield rich harvests and dusty roads to tell pleasing stories, regaled the audience by reading her paper on Old Europe and New America.

Space demands that we close this, but before doing so, we must express our thanks to Judge David Pierson, for a pleasurable buggy ride, to Mr. H. P. Breazeale and his estimable and accomplished wife for the enjoyable dining and to Mr. John A. Barlow, the only John Barlow of Natchitoches parish, the genial gentleman whom women, men and children all like and admire, whose assiduous attention to the writer had much to do with the pleasurable time he enjoyed on this occasion.

We would like to say something of the many attractive ladies we saw and met on this memorable trip. We would like to tell to the world that Natchitoches is blessed with pretty, charming and refined girls whose society is ever enjoyable to the person of appreciation, but we are married; the madam reads our copy and we dare not. It is hard for us to say so and at the same time make her believe that the charms of them all in our eyes, pales before hers. Therefore we will allow these things to go unsaid, but it will be many a day before we forget our trip to Natchitoches.

Just a word more. It would be unjust for us to close without a just need of praise for Mr. Gaston Meslier, general passenger and ticket agent for the Texas and Pacific Railway company, for his ready attention to our wants and desires, and his promptness in responding to them. In fact, the Texas and Pacific Railway company is ever prompt to respond to the just claims of the newspaper fraternity and is very popular with this profession.